

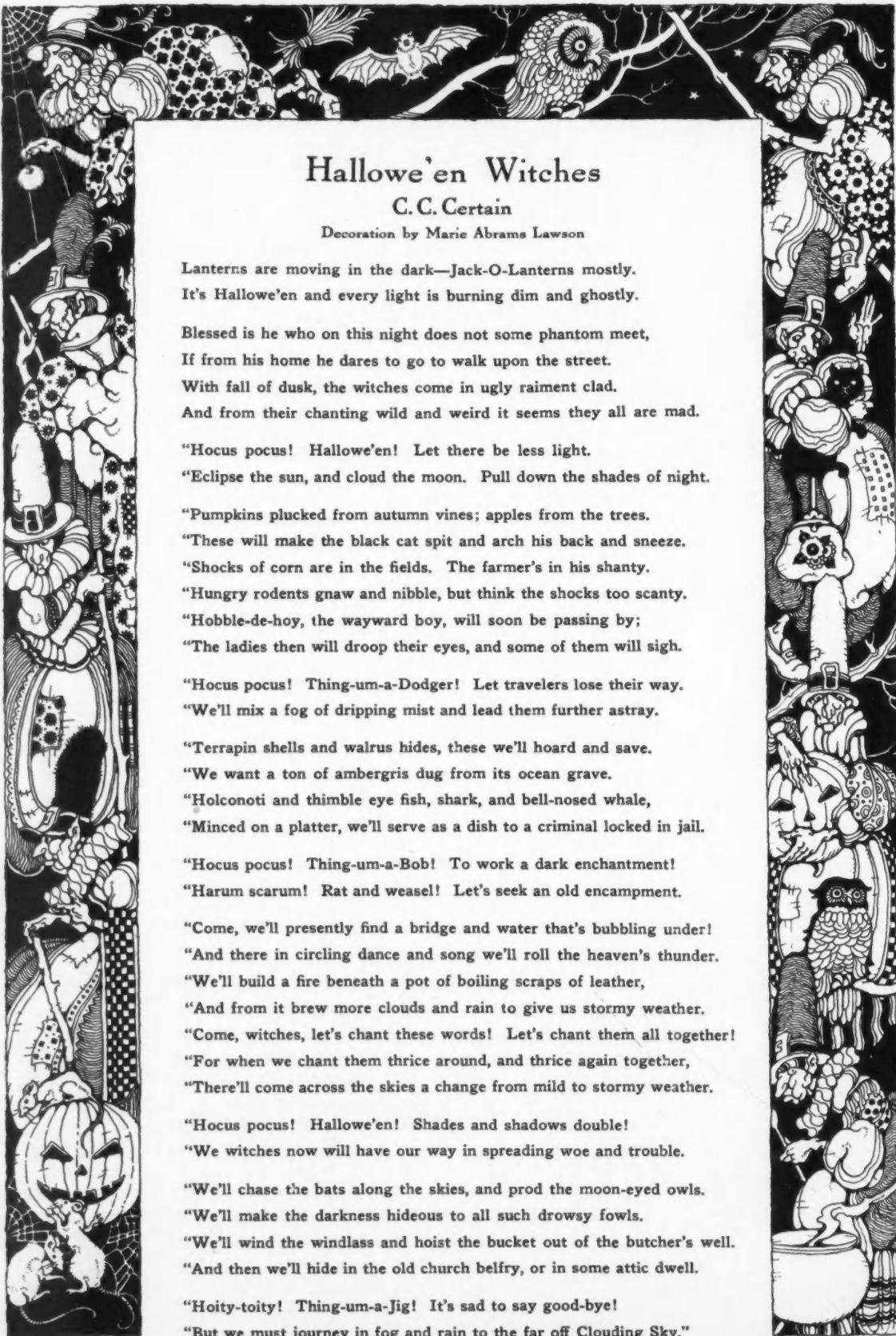
*American*

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

October 1925 **NEWS** "I Serve"



"Two-finger" poi is a favorite dish with Hawaiian children. See page twenty-six



## Hallowe'en Witches

C. C. Certain

Decoration by Marie Abrams Lawson

Lanterns are moving in the dark—Jack-O-Lanterns mostly.  
It's Hallowe'en and every light is burning dim and ghostly.

Blessed is he who on this night does not some phantom meet,  
If from his home he dares to go to walk upon the street.  
With fall of dusk, the witches come in ugly raiment clad.  
And from their chanting wild and weird it seems they all are mad.

"Hocus pocus! Hallowe'en! Let there be less light.  
"Eclipse the sun, and cloud the moon. Pull down the shades of night.

"Pumpkins plucked from autumn vines; apples from the trees.  
"These will make the black cat spit and arch his back and sneeze.  
"Shocks of corn are in the fields. The farmer's in his shanty.  
"Hungry rodents gnaw and nibble, but think the shocks too scanty.  
"Hobble-de-hoy, the wayward boy, will soon be passing by;  
"The ladies then will droop their eyes, and some of them will sigh.

"Hocus pocus! Thing-um-a-Dodger! Let travelers lose their way.  
"We'll mix a fog of dripping mist and lead them further astray.

"Terrapin shells and walrus hides, these we'll hoard and save.  
"We want a ton of ambergris dug from its ocean grave.  
"Holconoti and thimble eye fish, shark, and bell-nosed whale,  
"Minced on a platter, we'll serve as a dish to a criminal locked in jail.

"Hocus pocus! Thing-um-a-Bob! To work a dark enchantment!  
"Harum scarum! Rat and weasel! Let's seek an old encampment.

"Come, we'll presently find a bridge and water that's bubbling under!  
"And there in circling dance and song we'll roll the heaven's thunder.  
"We'll build a fire beneath a pot of boiling scraps of leather,  
"And from it brew more clouds and rain to give us stormy weather.  
"Come, witches, let's chant these words! Let's chant them all together!  
"For when we chant them thrice around, and thrice again together,  
"There'll come across the skies a change from mild to stormy weather.

"Hocus pocus! Hallowe'en! Shades and shadows double!  
"We witches now will have our way in spreading woe and trouble.

"We'll chase the bats along the skies, and prod the moon-eyed owls.  
"We'll make the darkness hideous to all such drowsy fowls.  
"We'll wind the windlass and hoist the bucket out of the butcher's well.  
"And then we'll hide in the old church belfry, or in some attic dwell.

"Hoity-toity! Thing-um-a-Jig! It's sad to say good-bye!  
"But we must journey in fog and rain to the far off Clouding Sky."

# Your Money at Work

IN the days when black war clouds hung over Europe and big guns were thundering, there was opened among the sand hills at La Panne, Belgium, a large open-air sanitarium for children. Here there flocked Belgian children who had suffered so much from hunger and fright that they were ill; but a few months by the seaside, with plenty to eat and games and toys and lessons, did wonders for them. Sometimes as the children played about on the sand they would look up at the sound of the big burr of an airplane and shout the name of their King. For then La Panne was the home of King Albert and his family, who had had to move away from Brussels for a time, and the King was constantly flying back and forth on affairs of state.

The American Juniors helped build that sanitarium and the money they spent at La Panne is still bearing fruit, as the following letter from an English lady will tell you:

The Villa Donny,  
La Panne, Belgium,  
June 19, 1925.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS:

While spending a very happy holiday in Belgium I was asked if I would like to go over an open air school. I said, "I shall be delighted," though I did not know what a treat was in store for me.

On arrival at the big gates we were taken to a courtyard, and on a very large building facing us we saw, painted in French, the words:

*Given by the American Junior Red Cross*

At once I thought to myself, "Those Junior Red Cross members would like to know how much good their money has done."

The school holds one hundred and seventy-five girls of from six to twelve years of age, who come for three months. They are not really very ill, but yet they are not well enough to continue regularly at school in their own towns. They are very poor and, as all were born during or just after the terrible years of the war, they are suffering from lack of food and from fright at the time when they were only babies. When they come in they are thin and white and "all eyes," as I once heard a child explain. At the end of their three months' stay, if they are not really well enough to be sent home, they get another three months. When they leave their health has been thoroughly restored and life looks better and brighter for them. The holiday with a few lessons costs the



*"With the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross you were hosts last summer in a big wooden house full of the sweet smell of the glorious forest of spruces close by"*

parents nothing, for the cost is paid by the government and the Belgian Red Cross.

The little girls have as much good food as they like—and they like a lot when they first come, poor dears—and games on the sand twice a day. One child told the teacher when she came in, "I am glad to come. We have very little food and now my sister will get more." Another little girl told the nurse last week, "Thank the good God for sending me here. My poor mother has often had to go without food to feed my brother and myself; now she can have some every day."

Your hall is the center of everything. There is a stage on which the children have given many plays. At the other end is the gymnasium in which they spend some time each day in exercises. All festivals and special treats take place here.

The children send their love and many thanks to you all.

Good-bye and keep up with the Junior Red Cross and you will get many blessings for helping poor children. Your kindness grows like the ripples on the water from throwing in a stone, and one never knows when the ripple will end.

AGNES R. MOFFAT.

Belgium can take care of her own Junior activities now and so none of your National Children's Fund goes there, but it is nice to know how the "ripples" are spreading, anyway. One of the things to remember is that each year a part of your money helps the fast-growing Junior organizations abroad to the place where they will need nothing from America, but will have the fun of going ahead for themselves. In other words, some of what you contribute goes to laying foundations on which will rest the permanent Junior work of other lands.

The National Children's Fund will again pay for shipping and distributing one hundred thousand boxes carrying Christmas presents and good-will to children overseas. The cost would be

*(Continued on page 35)*



*The Juniors found her living in a cave, ill and dying. Now, strong and happy, she says, "I have no mother or father, but I am better cared for than if I had four mothers and four fathers."*

# Some Friends in the Tornado Area

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrated by the Author

THREE boys sat on a log eating apples. They were the President of the Junior Red Cross of De Soto, Illinois, and two of his committee, resting after a stiff hour in the Junior garden patch. As I sketched them, they talked.

"If we don't get that community house soon, the vegetables will be ready to can before the girls have a place to cook in," said Raymond Milhouse. And it did look so. Beans and tomatoes, peas and cucumbers stood up sturdily after their weeding. The corn cracked in the fierce heat. You could almost see it growing. It seemed impossible to build a house before the vegetables should ripen.

But the Junior community house was to be one of those portable buildings which were going up by hundreds all over the tornado district. The boys had seen so many of them take shape in a few days that they knew it could be done. And the Red Cross had promised the house if the Citizens' Committee would accept it. Yet in the weeks of confusion and toil which fol-

lowed the disaster, the matter of a gathering place for the children seemed a thing of small importance.

Arthur Sanford, president, pondered. "We might write a letter to the committee," he said, "and ask 'em to hurry up so as we can get our vegetables canned before vacation's over. We'll need 'em for school lunches."

"Yes," said Virgil Buckles, "and we'll all sign it. We'll have a meeting as soon as the letter is written. But you'll have to write it, Arthur, because you're president."



*Lillian was enchanted with her pretty gingham dress*



*Three boys sat on a log eating apples. They were the president of the Junior Red Cross of De Soto, Illinois, and two of his committee*

"Geel!" said Arthur, desperately, "this job of president keeps a feller sweating."

Behind the boys lay a background of tents and little huts where the people whose homes had been swept away were living while their new houses were building. The rap of hammers filled the air like the noise of a whole swarm of woodpeckers, and the many trim, new cottages, some already painted, showed where the old ones had been destroyed.

There were strange sights, too, such as a great church bell on a front lawn and a heap of school desks on a bank, which were reminders of the wild freaks of the tornado. It had come passing over the land that day last March like some dark monster.

"Where were you, Arthur, when it happened?" I asked.

"I was on the third floor of our school. It was afternoon recess time and we had all been out playing ball, but we ran in when we saw the storm coming. We had just got up there when it struck. The roof went right off, and before I had time to think I found I was going through the floor on top of the piano. The piano stopped on the second floor, but I went right on down into the basement."

"Were you hurt?"

"Not much. I knew something hit me on the jaw, but it didn't hurt much."

"What did you do in the basement?"

"I just stayed there till they came and shoveled the bricks out of the coal chute, and then I crawled through and went home."

Every school child in the tornado district has a story similar to Arthur's; many have stories much more tragic.

While Arthur was talking I was sketching the group on the log and several Juniors were looking over my shoulder. They all agreed that it was "just like Ray-



mond," who was grinning at them, and somewhat like Virgil, but that Arthur's mouth wasn't right, though his hat was; and "there ain't no bites in the apples," said one girl. I notched the apples, but left the boys' faces as they were.

When I first saw the ruins of Murphysboro and Gorham I thought, "Oh, isn't this just like France and Belgium after the war!" In little Gorham almost every building lay pitched together like a pile of jackstraws. Sometimes only a pathway bordered by flowers showed where a home had been, and lawns and gardens were overgrown with rank weeds. When the Junior Red Cross girls came to meet me, so clean and polite and pleasant, and took me into their tent, where they were holding an occupation class, I realized that the likeness to France went farther than the ruins. Here was the same courage and the same desire to help.

It was the last day of tent meetings for the Gorham Juniors. That morning the Red Cross nurse had given a lesson in Home Hygiene, and the girls had stayed on to work on their baskets, which were to be put to use in the new community house which was almost finished. The front porch was going up and when the paint was dry it would be ready for use. Already the Junior circle was planning for shelves for the books and cupboards for the toys which had been sent them by other Juniors from all over the country. They were unusually fine boxes of gifts, things which could be used and enjoyed by the young people and children who had lost everything they had possessed when the tornado had cut across Gorham.

"What did you lose?" I asked one of the boys.

"My overalls," he answered. "They blew right out'n the window, and I never did find them."

And everything else went—shoes, stockings, hats, dresses, dishes, and every stick of furniture. You can imagine the delight



*The heat in the tents was great and the morning's milk would not keep for supper. So the boys got together and made a fine lot of ice boxes*

of some of these homeless little girls when a box of dresses came from the Brooklyn Junior Chapter! They were pretty gingham, all hand-made, and had belts and collars and pockets. One little colored girl, named Lillian, kept saying, as she turned round and round, "Oh, how 'sprised my mammy'll be!" Carmen, somewhat older, said thoughtfully, "Now, if there should be another disaster somewhere, I think we ought to help those children just the way they have helped us."

The big boys in Murphysboro helped with a will. In the first weeks after the tornado the Red Cross made a daily distribution of milk. But the people were living in tents, the heat

was great, and nothing is hotter than a tent. The morning's milk would not keep for supper. So the boys got together and made a fine lot of ice boxes with tools which had been sent by the Junior Red Cross. They set one tightly made box inside another, with a ten-inch space between, firmly packed with sawdust. Ice and milk and butter went into the center. There was a shelf above for vegetables and things in dishes, and a heavy cover shut down on all the



*Many people, only slightly hurt by the tornado, would have recovered rapidly if they had had first-aid care. Realizing this has made the Juniors eager to join First-Aid classes.*

coolness. Those who had such ice boxes were well off.

Many people were killed by the tornado and others terribly wounded. But there were also many who were only slightly hurt and who would have recovered rapidly if they had had first aid care. Realizing this has made some of the Juniors of Murphysboro



*They walked about with books on their heads for correct posture*

eager for First Aid classes. They are held in the basement of a church, where the Red Cross nurse also gives lessons in Home Hygiene. It would be hard to find a more serious class than the girls who meet there, but they manage to get a lot of fun out of it, too. They bandage each other's heads with "four-tailed" bandages, and their legs with ankle braces. They learn to make beds hospital style, and to carry people on stretchers, and they walk about with books on their heads for correct posture.

But theirs is not the only First-Aid class in Murphysboro. The colored boys, also, have one, and they enjoy putting on a tourniquet for a severed artery or a snake bite.

"Do you have poisonous snakes here?" I asked.

"Yes, mam! Water moccasins an' rattlers. We see 'em when we goes fishin', and in de berry patch. One

day we was goin' to get plums down by de graveyard. Comin' along by de side



*The colored boys enjoy putting on a tourniquet for a severed artery or a snake bite*

of de road was a big black snake on de left, an' a little funder a green one on de right. An' jest as we come up to de graveyard, a cat steps out and looks at us, and he nods his head toward de graveyard, and shakes his paw at us. An' we jest hit it for home. No plums for us dat day. No, mam!"

It is not strange that the children in the tornado section are expecting disaster. Their nerves are on edge. But every time they come together in classes or in games it helps them to get back to a happy state of mind. That is why the tools and the materials to work with, and the books, have been such a boon to them. The girls like to make patchwork quilts, and I have seen women living in tents who were overjoyed to get sacks of pieces for that purpose. It gives them something pleasant to do, and next winter they will need all they can get in the way of warm coverings and clothes.

## This Month's Cover

THE Hawaiian children on the cover are eating "two-finger" poi, a favorite kind of porridge made from taro root. Long ago when Hawaii Loa discovered the islands which bear his name, he found taro growing in wet places and that, together with fish and bananas, has probably been the Hawaiians' chief article of food ever since. Taro, growing, looks like a calla lily plant. It is the bulb which is generally eaten, though the leaves also serve as greens. When taro root is boiled it takes the place of our potato and has just about as little positive flavor. Sometimes it is mashed and put through a sieve, then mixed with milk and baking powder and baked in flat cakes to be eaten with much butter, pepper and salt. But the usual and favorite way is in the form of poi—or porridge. Poi is made by pounding taro root to a pulp and letting it ferment a trifle. It is made thick, thin, and middling, like the porridge of the three bears in the fairy

tale. The thick is called "one-finger poi," the middling "two-finger poi," and the third "three-finger poi," because it takes three fingers, held spoon shape, to scoop it up. Though the children in the picture are eating with their fingers, poi is eaten with a spoon, as a rule, just as we eat oatmeal.

The old-time Hawaiians never made pottery like other primitive peoples, but fashioned their dishes from kna wood, which polishes as beautifully as mahogany, from gourds, and from coconut shells. Their poi dishes were made with little knobs or protuberances on which to scrape the sticky poi from the fingers.

When they cooked, it was in underground ovens, lined with hot stones and with hot stones piled above them, covered with rushes to keep in the heat. Their roasts of pig, dog, and fish were wrapped in ti leaves to give them a pleasant flavor and also to keep the ashes from the meat.

# A Little Iceland Hostess

Clara W. Herbert

THE sun was shining brightly when Inga waked on the Fourth of July. In Iceland the people did not celebrate the "glorious Fourth"; nevertheless, Inga was anticipating a red-letter day, for was she not to act as guide in showing her beloved little island to the visiting Americans?

Inga and her brothers had watched the great ocean liner coming in with the visitors the night before. First they saw it as a mere speck in the distance, then it grew larger and larger, and at last steamed into the harbor and dropped anchor. It had been fun to go out in a rowboat and circle the big ship for a first glimpse of the foreigners. The whole harbor was alive with rowboats and little kiaks, and Inga had found it hard to have to go home to bed at eleven o'clock when the sun was still high in the heavens and she was too excited to sleep.

For weeks, all Reykjavik had known of the coming of the ship with four hundred Americans aboard and had been planning for their entertainment. There was a reception committee, automobiles had been lent and everything done to give the visitors a good time and to reflect credit on the island. Especially, for the honor of Iceland, the people had been urged not to raise the price of articles for sale. Inga thought the warning unnecessary; but she was too young to know what a temptation it was, for many of the people were poor and the times had been unusually hard.

Inga wondered what the Americans would think of Iceland. It was such a little country compared to their great one and the glaciers and volcanoes made it so hard to grow things. But it had good schools and colleges and a splendid museum and an art gallery with the statues by Einar Jonsson which every one said were wonderful. Inga loved the lava-strewn streets of Reykjavik, with the carts of salt fish, the pattering hoofs of the merry little ponies, the jolly boys and girls and the kind and friendly grown-ups. "And we have lovely window plants, even if we can't have beautiful gardens; and nothing could be

prettier than our roses and begonias," she said to herself as she jumped out of bed and began to plait her long hair in two golden braids. She was to wear her pretty gala clothes today—her blue-and-white silk skirt, with the blue velvet bodice embroidered in silver, her long velvet cape bordered with white eiderdown, and her blue hufa, a cap with silver-embroidered border and tassel.

After breakfast Inga went to the Hekla office where the guides were to be given their last instructions, and a little later, her head full of information, she stood on the landing wharf where the tenders were already bringing in the Americans. "Oh, what a pretty girl," she heard some one say, and she could not help being glad that she could understand English.

She hurried away to the Parliament House, thinking the visitors would come there and perhaps she would have a chance to show them some of the pictures on the wall and the old garden outside. She would tell them, too, how good and wise the members of Parliament were, and how, though the King and Queen of Denmark were their sovereigns, the King never vetoed the laws made by the plucky people of the little island.

Inga was right, for soon a lady and a young girl about Inga's own age arrived. Af-

ter they had looked through the long rooms, the lady asked Inga to take them to the Museum, and the three walked through the little street and up a hill towards the Safnahus. As they went, the strangers spoke of the ponies with their long manes and tails and intelligent faces and eyes. Every one rode them—little



*Inga was wearing her pretty gala clothes in honor of the visitors*



*Sod-thatched houses such as these are no longer common in Iceland, but there are still a few out in the country, where the people raise sheep or cows or ponies*



*Thingvellir is a rocky place where for nearly a thousand years the Icelanders held their Parliament out-of-doors*

children, men and women—and all kinds of packs were loaded on them, sometimes such big ones that they almost hid the little beasts. They were sturdy, patient creatures, but now and then they would kick up their heels, take the bits in their mouths and run ever so hard.

Climbing the hill, the party came to a small park with a statue of a viking, and Inga told how Ingolfur Arnarson had so hated the tyranny of Harald Fairhair that he had sailed from Norway in his viking ship and landed at Iceland in 870 A. D., and four years later had made his home in what is now Reykjavik. Others, too independent to be vassals to King Harald, had followed, and so Iceland was first colonized. As the Americans stood looking off toward the mountains and out over the harbor their eyes fell on the great ship on which they had come, and they contrasted it with the frail bark in which Ingolfur and his companions had braved the stormy waters. Little did they think that before many weeks had passed another courageous band of explorers would fly above those very waters and land in the square below them in aeroplanes more slight than even the viking ships. These modern rovers were their own countrymen making the first around-the-world aeroplane trip.

At the Safnahus, or library, Inga and her companions looked at the interesting books and valuable manuscripts for a while, and then went on up the stairs to see the curious things in the Museum—a kiak, or covered canoe, like those the Eskimos use, the oars from a viking boat, treasures from old churches, spinning wheels, rare jewelry and, best of all, an old harp. Such

harps were played by the skalds as in the old days they traveled from house to house through the country singing their songs and telling their tales of wise men and heroes. These stories, or sagas, Inga and the other Icelandic children read in the long winter evenings in the tongue of the ancient skalds; for the Icelandic language has not changed through the centuries as has the English.

Next Inga hailed an automobile and all three drove out to the hot springs. Through the country near Reykjavik runs a little stream and at one place it jets up boiling water. The women bring their clothes in small hand carts and wash them in the hot water, using a paddle so as not to burn their hands, and ironing them in the houses built near by.

The Americans then wished to see the Thingvellir, the rocky place where for nearly a thousand years the Icelanders held their outdoor Parliament. Off they started in a motor for the thirty-mile drive through a lonely and desolate country. Occasionally, the road passed a farm, where the people raised sheep or cows or ponies, but for the most part it wound along through lava fields covered with hummocky grass in which a few wild flowers bravely bloomed. In the distance were lofty mountains on which snow lay in big patches, and here and there was a lake.

At last the driver made a sharp turn down a defile with great rocks on each side. Beyond could be heard the sound of the Oxara River as it fell over the rocks and rushed bubbling through the valley. Until a little more than a century ago the lawmakers held council on a hillside near here and announced their decision to the people who gathered from all parts of Iceland and waited patiently on the other side of the river. Standing on the Logberg, the mount of laws, Inga told the favorite saga of Iceland, the story of Burnt Njal, that wise and good leader of his people who came to a sad but brave end, owing to the wickedness of his son.

A little farther on the party came to a small inn where they had lunch of delicious salmon caught in the stream close by, and the coffee for which the Icelanders are famous. Going back to the wharf they were glad

to have heavy wraps, for, even in July, Iceland afternoons are cold.

Before boarding the tender the lady said, "We have had a wonderful day and we love your island and some day we will surely come back again." As the tender moved away Inga stood waving until the boat had passed beyond the breakwater.



*Everywhere in Iceland one sees little ponies like these, with long manes and tails and intelligent faces. Everyone rides them—grown-ups and children*



# Some of the Best from Overseas

Alice Ingersoll Thornton

"When the east wind goes and the north wind comes;  
When the leaves of the golden apricot trees come drifting  
down;  
Then the chrysanthemums begin to bloom."

THIS is Kiyoshiro Okada's way of telling the American Juniors that autumn has come to Japan. "The true heart of the season is embodied in the chrysanthemums," he says, "and under moonlight the golden and white blooms are ethereally and exquisitely beautiful—beautiful beyond powers of expression."

Kiyoshiro Okada is fourteen years old and attends the Yasu School in Yasugun, Shiga Kan, which is enrolled in the Japanese Junior Red Cross. He and his schoolmates seem to take great pleasure in writing to their correspondents in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and their portfolios are full of the poetic utterances, beautiful water colors and pen-and-ink sketches that we have learned to associate with Japan.

Nobuko Nakamura is also attending the Yasugun School and adds her bit to the description of Japan in autumn. She says:

"The hills and meadows are beautiful in the fall. The yellow and red foliage are mixed together, in the midst of which the deep red ivy climbs around the evergreen pine. Such a sight cannot be found in spring or in summer. The sparrows and the silver-eyed birds fly down to the clear water in the valleys to quench their thirst, then perch upon the boughs and look around for the mushrooms. Nothing can compare with this beautiful atmosphere."

Chrysanthemums, however, are not occupying the thoughts of our little friends in Sevoonga, Alaska, during the month of October; rather the fact that after November 1st, until the long winter is over and May has come again, no boats will be able to reach St. Lawrence Island where they live.

"It is a fine thing to have a wireless on St. Lawrence Island," they tell us, "for through it we may get messages from Outside all winter. The wireless tells us when a ship is coming."

"We think the *Boxer* is a wonderful ship and we are always glad to see her coming. She is

a navy schooner which was given to the United States Bureau of Education and is used to carry goods to the stores in Alaska. She also takes out for sale, ivory, fox skins, seal skins and reindeer meat. We go out to her in whale boats to take the goods ashore and bring the people in. The government teachers come on the *Boxer*."

The Primary School in Bedford, South Africa, where the seasons are just the reverse

of ours, has little trouble in holding the interest of its American correspondents, for practically everything in that far away country is interesting to us. For instance, Victoria Falls, a thousand feet broader than our own Niagara, was the subject of one of their recent letters.

"The volume of water passing over the Falls is greatest in April, when the level of the lower river is some fifty feet higher than in November, the *driest* and *hottest* month, when the view is much obscured by mist and spray. The best time to see them

*This doll is in her wedding gown. Japanese brides wear this headdress instead of orange blossoms and tulle*



or to shoot in the interior is about August to October, when the temperature at night near the river often falls to freezing point. From October to March the heat is almost tropical."

We are cautioned to be sure no crocodiles are near when we go near the water's edge, but our friends assure us that "these animals can easily be scared away."



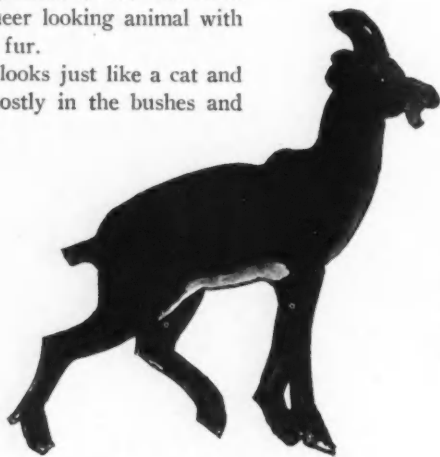
*"The aardvark is one of the many interesting and unusual animals of South Africa. He is the farmer's greatest enemy"*

There seem to be so many interesting and unusual animals in South Africa. There is the aardvark, for instance, which we are told is the Boer's greatest enemy, because he digs holes under the fences through which the ever watchful jackal may enter the fields and devour the sheep. "The farmer has to go every second day around his fences to see if the aardvark has made any holes. Some farmers are lucky and succeed in shooting them one by one."

The South African portfolios are often illustrated with beautifully pressed flowers arranged in a design and the letters are well written.

But do you know the mongoose, of which the Virgin Island Juniors write? He must be a queer looking animal with his red fur.

"He looks just like a cat and lives mostly in the bushes and



*This chamois and the lamb opposite were carved by little Austrian children*

eats chickens and fowls. He has five claws and is covered with soft hair like a cat. His tail is bushy and long and when it rains he has a great deal of hair. Sometimes you can see them in the street, but as soon as they see people they run away."

We are indebted to the George Washington School in St. Thomas for this information as well as for the little monkey faces made from cashew nuts with jumbee beads for eyes. Virgin Island Juniors have also sent their correspondents pressed flowers and leaves, sea shells and many descriptions of the fruits and flowers on their sunny islands.

The Drillaway School in Roxbury, Massachusetts, is corresponding with a school for girls in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and they must have been delighted with the letters they have received from that beautiful country so far south of our own, where the children have the usual talent for writing found in all Latin peoples. The

Brazilian school is named for José de Alencar, who we are told was one of the best Brazilian writers.

"He was born in 1829 in the State of Ceara and died in 1877. Beside being a noted writer he was also a journalist, jurist and poet; but what distinguishes him most is his romances. He describes in many of his works the life and customs of our Indians. His romances are highly appreciated, the outstanding one being 'Guarany,' which was so beautiful that it inspired one of our best masters, Carlos Gomes, to compose one of the most beautiful Brazilian operas, 'O Guarany.'"

The children in Brazil speak Portuguese, which they acknowledge is one of the most difficult as well as one of the most beautiful of languages, but they write their friends that they take great pleasure in learning English, "the almost universal tongue, in the hope of visiting you some day and speaking it with you with pride."

As in South Africa, the seasons in South America are just the reverse of ours, so that we find the Juniors of those republics going to school while we are taking vacations, and enjoying their longest holidays just after Christmas. The Jose Pedro Varela

School, in Montevideo, Uruguay, has sent us a picture of spring in their country. It is dated "September."

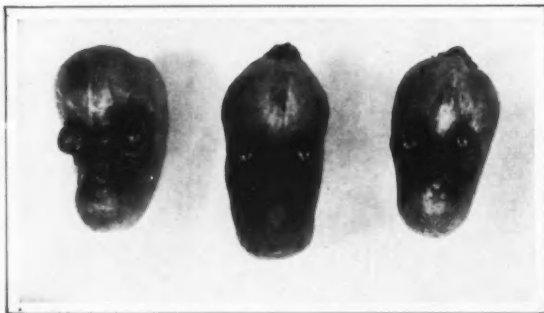
"The gardens again display their splendor; trees are tinted green, white and rose color in our new picture.

"The clearness of the sky is a promise of good weather. Farewell, dark days, gray, cold, implacable and treacherous! Instead of the howl of the wind and the monotonous fall of the rain, the song of birds and the hum of the busy bees charm our ears. Here come the swallows, harbingers of spring. Spring, tell us all about beautiful things, youth, flowers, perfume. Thou art strength to tired bodies, elixir to wearied spirits."

From Latvia to California seems a far cry, but friendship between Juniors is always possible; so we are not surprised to find a Sanatorium in Asari corresponding with the Oneonta School in Pasadena. They have already exchanged descriptions of their respective

countries, together with friendly greetings and attractive portfolios. Latvia must be a very different country from sun-kissed California, but these native children love their land and see the beauty of its rugged Baltic shores.

"The sea is close to us and sometimes it rages like a wild beast. The waves roll in white with foam, looking like sea-gulls, and



*These little monkey faces, made from cashew nuts, came from St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands*

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The October News in the School

### Junior-Sized Enterprises

THE most important use which can be made of the National Children's Fund stories is to make the children feel that these projects are their own. The article might be divided into sections and assigned to several pupils, each one telling about one of the major projects and telling also something about the country where this service is performed.

*Your Money at Work*, p. 23  
*Earning Your Share*, p. 40

THE play-centers so entertainingly described by Miss Upjohn have been established in the towns named and also in Griffin, Ind. The children are enthusiastic over sewing classes, First Aid and Home Hygiene, over making equipment for their own buildings, over gardening, baseball, playing the health game, and taking part in school correspondence.

*Friends in the Tornado Area*, p. 24

### Hallowe'en Reading

WOULD your pupils enjoy reading and reporting on such folk fairy tales as "Buried Moon" and "The Legend of Knockgraston," in Jacob's *More English Fairy Tales*; "Hansel and Gretel," in Grimm's *Household Stories*, and Tappan's *Folk Stories and Fables*; "The Old Hag's Long Leather Bag," in MacManus's *Donegal Fairy Stories*?

A GOOD collection of Icelandic sagas for children is *Heroes of Iceland*, by Allan French (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), adapted from G. W. Dasent's translation of *The Story of Burnt A Little Iceland Njal*. Dasent's translation is also published in Everyman's Library. In case you wish to extend the reading to include Norse mythology, good collections are: *Stories of Norse Heroes*, by Baxter; *Norse Stories*, by Mabie; *The Viking Age*, by Du Chaillu; and *Legends of Northern Lands*, by French. For the teacher two books may prove helpful: *The Icelandic Sagas*, by W. G. Craigie (Putnam's), and *History of Iceland*, by Gjerset (Macmillan).

### Indian Health Posters

IN THE Midwestern Branch, 125 health posters were submitted from Indian schools to the Junior Red Cross office. Schools in the Pacific Branch also took part. In addition to the prize-winning poster, a number of excellent ones were forwarded to National Headquarters. Indian Juniors continue to give us reason to be proud of their work.

*Josefa's Poster*, p. 37

### Auditorium Material

DURING the week of November 2nd, it is hoped that schools will hold a Red Cross assembly and will discuss the work of the Red Cross in their classes.

*A Red Cross Assembly*, p. 34  
*This Month's Cover*, p. 26  
*Chinese Courtesy*, p. 33

References useful for the teacher are *The Red Cross Knight*, by Grace A. Pierce (John Martin Publishing Co.), a child's version of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; *Florence Nightingale*, by Laura Richards; *Girl's Book of the Red Cross*, by Mary K. Hyde; and an article, "Untwisting the Wind's Tail," in the *Survey*, New York, for June 1, 1925.

The monthly stories of the cover picture and of the calendar picture may be used for talks in Junior Red Cross room meetings or assemblies and oral compositions.

### Two Complete Exchanges in Correspondence

THE school correspondence article will give the children, in an entertaining way, an idea of the good things they may expect in material from other Juniors.

In order to have two complete exchanges during the school year, the first consignment should be on its way by November first, and a second by February first. If it is impossible to complete a portfolio by November, send a pleasant letter of greeting, promising a portfolio soon. It is worth more to the children to send a smaller consignment two or three times during the year than it is to send one large consignment late in the year, because they will then receive a reply before their interest wanes. There are other advantages in the smaller consignment, such as ease in handling and greater durability.

The countries which will be glad to exchange portfolios with elementary schools this fall are: Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Costa Rica, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, France, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, Poland, Rumania, South Africa, and Spain.

### Lovable Brownies

PEE TEE, we are sure, is one of the best of Brownies and an ideal Junior. The ways in which tiny Juniors can serve were well illustrated in compositions written for a special Junior Red Cross number of the Johnstown School News, last January. The "little tads" reported: "I can put on my own shoes and stockings;" "I dress myself;" "I pick up my toys;" "I keep my face and hands clean;" "I answer the first time mother calls me;" "I clean my shoes before I go into the house." Such a spirit does much to make mother's and teacher's day easier.

*Story of the Brownies*, p. 38  
*Pee Tee Joins*, p. 34

# Developing Calendar Activities

## Useful Habits of Workmanship

**I**N CONNECTION with present needs which pupils themselves will recognize, habits of workmanship may be built that will be helpful in later life-work. One of these is the habit of reading along professional lines, encouraged in such an activity as building a bibliography and file of clippings for Special Interest groups.

Another useful habit of workmanship is that of organizing materials to have them readily available for later need, as in learning to use a loose-leaf Service Notebook, in which are organized records, memorandums of things to be done, materials, and references to be used in school correspondence, in forming health habits, or for other purposes. A similar activity is that of keeping a Current Events file about disasters.

## Adopted Relatives

**C**HILDREN can learn that they have more precious gifts for others than money or material things, and that frequently the most helpful thing that they can do is to share friendship and companionship with those who are deprived of these. So, not only are suggestions made for things to make and to take to "adopted relatives," but suggestions of things to tell and to ask them about.

## Learning of American Art

**T**HROUGHOUT the Calendar you will find suggestions for interesting pupils in art; this month through seeking pictures of outdoor life and nature scenes. These should furnish good illustrative material for school correspondence, particularly if the pictures are by American artists and of American scenes.

Let pupils hunt copies of such pictures as *Georgia Pines*, *The Rising Storm*, *Medfield Meadows*, *Autumn Oaks*, *The Saco River Valley*, *Morning on the Hudson*, *After Summer Shower*, and *Peace and Plenty*, by George Inness; *Marine and Oyster Gatherers*, by John Singer Sargent; *Trembling Leaves*, *Indian Summer*, *Ice Bound*, and *May Night*, by Willard Metcalf; *The Garden*, by Parrish; *Storm*, *Watching the Breakers*, *Northeaster*, and *Cannon Rock*, by Winslow Homer; *Connecticut Hills*, by Foster; *The Poplars and Waterfall*, by Twachtman; *Church at Lyme*, by Childe Hassam; *In the Catskills*, by T. Cole; *The Rocky Mountains*, by Bierstadt; *The Los Angeles River*, by Miller; *Midwinter Thaw*, by W. Elmer Schofield; *Shadows at the Waterhole*, by Remington; *Indian Summer and Shimmering Field*, by Wiegand; *Before Sunrise* and *June*, by Tryon; *Early Spring*, by Wyant.

It will be more interesting to begin by learning of artists and pictures interpreting beauty close at home. If there are museums, art stores, art departments, or good private collections, perhaps you can arrange for your classes to visit these.

Sources of material suitable for children are scarce. Mr. A. W. Elson, the Elson Art Publishing Company, Belmont, Massachusetts, has prepared an especial set of prints for children. Inexpensive reproductions of some of the more famous pictures can be obtained from the Perry Picture Company. If old volumes of magazines like Scribner's and Harper's are available, illustrations by prominent artists may often be found in these. Useful books for the teacher are: *American Artists*, by Royal Cortiszez, Scribner's, New York; *Landscape Painting* (especially volume 2), by C. Lewis Hind, Scribner's;

and *How to Show Pictures to Children*, by Estelle M. Hurl, the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

## Helpful Educational Studies

**I**N WORKING out the suggestions for the Special Interest groups, two educational articles published last year were especially helpful. These were: *The Socialization of the School Program*, J. A. Crowley, Journal of Educational Method, June, 1924, and *What to Do for the Bright Pupil*, B. J. Rohan, Journal of Educational Method, September, 1924 (address: 525 W. 120th Street, New York City).

Two valuable studies about School Guides or Handbooks were published in the Secondary School Review, October and November, 1924.

## Organizations Which Specialize

**E**ITHER the whole class, Special Interest groups, or special committees of the Junior Council may wish to obtain material furnished by such organizations as the *American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, Box 1103, Hartford, Connecticut; *The Audubon Society*, 1974 Broadway, New York; *National Safety Council*, 168 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; *National Board of Fire Underwriters*, 76 William Street, New York. "Fire Prevention Week" this year is October 4-10, inclusive.

## References for Red Letter Day Committees

**R**ED LETTER DAY committees can help in solving a problem met by all teachers—preparation of programs for special days. The following books are worth securing for the school or classroom library: *For Days and Days*, by Annette Wynne, Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York (poems for younger children); *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, by Frances Olcott, Houghton Mifflin Co., New York; *Poems of American History*, edited by Burton E. Stevenson, Houghton Mifflin Co.

## A Community Project

**T**HROUGH pairing of town and rural schools, groups which have much to give each other can be brought into touch. During the autumn, rural schools may collect material useful in nature study. Town schools might begin by collecting materials for the use of rural schools, in programs for special occasions such as Columbus Day, Hallowe'en, and Red Cross Day in the schools. It is not too early to begin planning for an Armistice Day program and for American Education Week (November 16-22). Hunting and selecting suitable poems and songs can be done as part of reading or English work. The local Junior Chairman will help pupils to find rural schools which need this material.

Perhaps it will interest the Juniors to know that the "sister school" project is a favorite one in a number of foreign countries.

## Remember—Christmas Boxes

**C**HRISTMAS boxes have a long journey to go. They will be sent to Albania, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Danzig, Esthonia, Greece, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Switzerland, Haiti, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands.



## Junior Red Cross Service Fund

**T**HE SERVICE FUND is so named for two reasons: because the money is earned by service and because it is used in service.

Maintaining a fund for service is a practical application of the ideal that money is not to be used only for selfish enjoyment, but that it should be a power for good. Earning one's own donation is a practical application of the ideal that everyone should do his share of the world's work, and that all legitimate work has service value.

### Connecting With Thrift Education

**T**HE teacher will recognize an opportunity to motivate and reinforce thrift education in connection with Service Fund activities. Money is devoted to service not only when it is given to relieve suffering or to carry good cheer to those who are unfortunate, but also when it is wisely spent for one's personal needs (food, clothing, health education, recreation), in order that one may be fit for service. It is devoted to service when invested in productive enterprises by which food, clothing, and other means of supplying wants are produced for those who need them. The exercise of judgment in determining a wise balance in the expenditure of the Service Fund is valuable thrift training, and the children should be given a voice in such decisions.

### Ideas for Getting Money

**T**HE following catalogue of ways in which funds have been raised was compiled from a number of reports kindly supplied by teachers and other Junior workers:

Held fairs, bazaars, plays, pencil sales; sold candy and cakes; compiled and sold a cook book, one-half proceeds being allowed to each room; saved papers and sold them from the school; gave Junior Red Cross entertainments; sold boots repaired in school shoemaking class; sold pictures to buy blinds for schools; turned in coupons from drug store for purchases for Christmas boxes; sold Christmas cards; had food sales at recess; conducted cafeteria luncheons and moving picture entertainments. A four-pupil school in Alaska raised one dollar a month—three boys cut wood and the girl did janitor service. One city held 54 paper drives during one year and realized \$9,200.75.

Dug potatoes, sold perfume, ran errands, raked leaves, dug garden, sold articles made in shop, swept backyard, cleaned neighbor's cellar, polished doorbell, washed windows, kept father's store, worked at aunt's bakery, did housework, tended two younger sisters while mother went shopping, made flower boxes, planted flowers, embroidered dresses, split wood, helped truck drivers load and unload, sold papers, bones, rubber and iron, carried ice-cream sodas for packing-house employees, used coaster wagon for deliveries, sold pretzels, blacked shoes, tended young child, fixed breakfast for a

week for sick lady, looked after young children on playground, washed dishes, cut grass, cared for chickens, wrote letters for people who could not write English, tutored backward children.

A "sacrifice box" is an equally legitimate means of raising a Service Fund. To give up some pleasure or luxury in order that others may have a necessity or may share in pleasure is a habit worth forming.

The box means more if it is made, covered or painted, and decorated by the pupils themselves. Once a week or at some other regular interval it should be displayed where it will serve as a practical reminder of the ideal.

Juniors report having "sacrificed" ice cream, candy, toys, and visits to moving pictures. They have walked to save car fare, have used part of their week's allowances, given their "tips," and their "recess money."

Where children are already working regularly outside of school hours, a contribution from their wages is genuine sacrifice and should be so recognized. It is only the careless asking-for and giving-of money which parents or others have earned that is to be discouraged.

### Administration of the Service Fund

**W**HERE for some good reason the community is not able to meet an urgent need for local health work, a part of the service money may well be spent for such a purpose. The object, however, should be to stimulate adult groups in the community to recognize the need and to take the burden from the children. For instance, children in one community tried to equip a safe swimming place for themselves. The task proved too large, but a men's club, interested by the youngster's initiative, and aroused to the need, took the work over and completed it.

A part of the fund may be needed for some important purpose such as purchasing books for the classroom, if the children lack good reading matter, or subscribing to a magazine that will bring outside contacts otherwise lacking, or buying a scales. Let the urgency of the need and the school resources determine.

Some part should be used for the larger service projects of the American Junior Red Cross, through contributions to the National Children's Fund.

In determining the administration of the money, the chapter and the school must co-operate. The chapter cannot decide on an expenditure without the consent of the school, nor the school without the approval of the chapter. Each should welcome the suggestions of the other as an opportunity, and should confer whenever such opportunities arise.

### Giving Up Luxuries

# The National Children's Fund

"As one lamp lights another, nor grows less;  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

THE world wide organization of the Red Cross affords a unique opportunity for children to participate in enterprises of broad scope. The ideal of the service, made real through many opportunities in everyday life close at hand, is broadened through the national and international projects to include service to those of other races and in distant lands.

## Outstanding International Projects

THROUGH the maintenance of a fund called the National Children's Fund, made up of voluntary contributions from enrolled schools, the American Junior Red Cross has been able to help in such projects as:

The establishment and partial support of a vocational school in Albania, where ambitious boys are learning to build their country along progressive lines.

The teaching of bookbinding (practical vocational training) in Hungary.

Manual training instruction in Jugo-Slavia.

Encouragement and assistance to the Cizek Art School of Vienna, where children who would otherwise lack opportunity have been given a rare chance to develop their talent.

Partial support to the Bakule school in which handicapped children have been made self-supporting.

Other representative service projects are the maintenance of children's health clinics in Austria, of playgrounds in France, Belgium, and Italy, of health centers and playgrounds in Poland, of municipal baths in Jugo-Slavia, and fresh air camps on the Baltic and in Greece.

## Service at Home

WHEN the Midwestern tornado occurred in the spring of 1925, schools in various parts of the country began spontaneously to send in contributions. Within a few weeks there was a fund of more than \$1,000 for the comfort of the children bereaved by the disaster. With the fund play and health centers were established. Valuable work has been done for Indian children, also, and other special needs among our own children have been met.

## Administration of the National Children's Fund

IN the administration of the National Children's Fund, nothing is spent for "overhead" expense; all of it goes directly to the support of projects in the interest of other children at home and abroad. The ideal underlying the choice of projects is that the assistance shall begin some very necessary and constructive work which will gradually be taken over and carried on by those who are helped. The "Junior Red Cross spirit" has invariably led the children to develop independence in helping themselves and to help others in their turn. The following letter from Jugo-Slavia describes what has happened in many countries:

"The children have displayed unusual characters. We know of one school of children who not only supported themselves but most generously gave half of what they had earned to feed afflicted children in other countries.

They are therefore most deserving of the applause of the whole world."

## Avoiding Condescension

SINCE this spirit is seen on all hands, the project of contributing to the National Children's Fund should be presented not in the attitude of condescension, but as a chance to contribute to the welfare of other children who in their turn have most valuable contributions to make to the world. Children's warm sympathies and natural pride in doing good occasionally lead them to amusingly superior-sounding comments. The following, culled from various letters, are, we are glad to say, infrequent: "I have often heard of the starved and unclothed children of Europe. We like to make the people of Europe happy and cheerful. I give my share every term. We children of America are always trying our best to help the unlucky European people. Our schools are different from your schools in many ways. One way is that our schools are nicer and larger."

There is an excellent opportunity, in presenting the project of contributing, to teach, indirectly, the virtues of tactfulness and of respect for the people who, in spite of appalling setbacks, have patiently set about rebuilding ruined homes and countries—rearing new structures even better than the old.

## Establishing Friendships

HOW enduring is the loving gratitude inspired for American children was illustrated at the time of the Illinois tornado. From many countries children's letters of sympathy poured in. One from Italy was representative:

"Lately we have learned through the newspaper that our teacher read us in class of the huge disaster made by the terrible tornado in the State of Illinois. We are very sorry for you and in this suffering we feel we are really brothers. We have learned that many children perished in this terrible catastrophe, and we, who live in a region where we have not even an idea of what this kind of disaster may be, take a large part in your sorrow and especially in that of the mothers who are now deprived of their children's kisses and that of the children who have the great sorrow of having lost their parents. We wish a prompt recovery to the wounded and we shall pray for the dead."

## Study of Foreign Lands

ALMOST every month in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE there are stories or some of these foreign service projects. The October number, 1925, has a particularly full and interesting account. In many cases pupils are or will be in direct correspondence with schools of the countries helped. Their interest in these countries will be much more personal because of their consciousness that they have performed practical, friendly service for the children. Such an interest may be made a vital starting point for an intensive study of the geography, history, folk lore, customs, dress, and ways of these countries.

then sink in the depths of the sea. Our beautiful sea casts up much amber and wonderful shells. The seashore is also beautiful and covered with fir trees, which cry sadly when the storm comes. The view is especially beautiful when the sun sends its golden rays across the sea."

The Polish children are wizards with their scissors and can illustrate a story or make yards of paper lace with their clever clippings. I have visited schoolrooms in Warsaw where the windows appeared to be draped in wonderful lace which, upon close examination, proved to be cut paper draperies. Much to the admiration of their Junior friends, this talent is used to advantage in their School Correspondence portfolios.

One has a real longing to visit Rumania after seeing the portfolios from that country. Could anything be more fascinating than this description of a peasant home which comes from the Normal School, "Queen Elizabeth," in Galatz?

"When you step into the house you can't help admiring the taste and the skill with which they adorn their homes. Of course everything is hand-made. Generally there are two rooms and one little entrance hall. These are the things you find in every house: wooden benches, which are used as beds during the night, wooden trunks with bright flowers painted on them, a table, a holy picture, a few chairs, sometimes very beautifully carved, and many small articles of daily necessity. The above mentioned wooden benches go right around the room and are fairly narrow. On these benches there are sheets finely woven, and on top of these are a sort of blanket, beautifully decorated. In one corner of the room there is one of the wooden trunks and on top of it is a huge pile of linen cloths, blankets, sheets, pillows and all sorts of useful things. These form the house-wife's trousseau. Then on the walls are carpets, also woven by the women during the long winter evenings. The colors you see on all carpets are: blue, yellow, green, red, and black. The peasant uses these colors because they symbolize for him the things he loves most, thus: blue is a favorite color because of the sky; yellow reminds him of the golden wheat fields, his pride and the source of his wealth; green symbolizes for him the meadows and the



*A peasant home in Rumania. Even the poorer houses are usually freshly white-washed or kalsomined. The barn is separated from the dwelling*

forests; black the earth. You will find the same colors on the native costumes.

"On the sideboards are wooden spoons, pots and pans, and plates of different sizes and different designs. On the eastern wall is the holy picture. A fine curtain covers the upper parts of the icon, and underneath on a little tray is a bunch of fragrant flowers or golden threads generally worn by the peasant women on their wedding day. Under the holy picture, on a table covered with a spotless white linen cloth, is a bunch of flowers, candles in old-world candle-sticks, and other little things. The peasants adorn the walls frequently with home-made towels with colored stripes, very rustic but attractive. In one corner is the stove, white-washed and cosy looking."

Both the Austrian and the Swiss children are very clever at making paste-paper, which they use as covers for their portfolios. This is how they prepare it:

"At first we take a clean sheet of white wrapping paper. Then we wet it thoroughly with boiled flour and water paste. The paste must not be too thick. When the sheet is covered with paste we make spots of color on it with our brush. Then we take another sheet of clean dry paper and put it on the colored wet sheet. Press it down lightly, then carefully remove it by pulling at one side. Then let it dry or make more designs on the wet paper with the finger or a comb."

The Austrian boys and girls are extremely modest, however, and seem to think the portfolios they receive from America are better than the ones they send.

"You should have heard our exclamations of astonishment when your portfolio was opened," a school in Vienna writes. "I am sorry we cannot make such beautiful things. Do come over to see us in an airship! Then we could play, take excursions, go swimming in the Blue Danube, and gather flowers in the meadows and woods. Oh, it would be so nice!"

How fortunate it is that, even though such a journey is impossible for most of us, we may all become intimately acquainted with our friends across the seas through Junior Red Cross School Correspondence!



*The Austrian children make delightful silhouettes, cleverly cut from black paper mounted on white*



# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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VOL. 7 OCTOBER, 1925 No. 2

## National Officers of the American Red Cross

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*How far that little candle throws its beams;  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
Merchant of Venice*

A GOOD poem to go with the new poster is the one composed by Heda Porkertova, which first appeared in the Junior magazine of Czechoslovakia and was reprinted in the NEWS two years ago. Here it is:

### HOW SHINES THE RED CROSS LIGHT

You know how shines the Red Cross Light,  
A crimson glow o'er land and sea,  
Its rays work miracles of love,  
And warm all hearts where'er they be.

One such bright ray of crimson light  
Has come to our bleak hillside now,  
Has found its way into our school,  
And kissed each childish brow.

### A FINE YEAR'S SERVICE

IT'S a great thing to know what you are going to do and then go ahead and organize to do it. Judging by the following report of their president, that is what the Juniors of South Middleboro, Massachusetts, did:

"Every member of our club (we have 24) is on one of the six committees suggested on the Junior Red Cross Calendar. I shall try to give you an idea of what each has accomplished since September.

"The members of the National Service Committee took charge of correspondence with schools in Ottawa, Ohio, Boston, and St. Petersburg, Florida. They made picture books for the first grade and have given talks on 'Fire Prevention,' 'Local Industries,' 'Conservation,' 'Safety First.' They are now making collections of postcards to send away.

"The World Service Committee has shown us how we depend on other nations by giving talks on various commercial products and our foreign commerce. They have also looked up other countries where there are Junior Red Cross organizations.

"Our School Service Committee took the primary children on walks to discover different trees, flowers, insects. They also made some playground equipment for our school yard, co-operating in this work with the local Parent-Teacher Association. They arranged special exercises for every morning in Library Week and Education Week and observed the birthdays of all great Americans by some report on his or her life. They conducted a Hallowe'en party and a Valentine party and have led the physical training in turn.

"The Personal Service Committee sent little boxes of fruit, candy, cake and flowers, not only to children who were out sick from school, but to everybody in the neighborhood who was ill. In this way we have reached a great many people that did not belong to the Grange or P. T. A. We have had some lovely 'thank-you' letters—one of them contained a check for five dollars! This committee also made dolls for sick children and sent scrapbooks and magazines to the soldiers. Some scrapbooks of funny jokes were greatly appreciated.

"We were given some good talks on health and taught some fine games by our Fitness for Service Committee. Posters, Health Rules, a Posture Contest and Food Posters were projects successfully carried on by this committee.

"The Community Service Committee made wash cloths for the hospital in Middleboro. They took charge of the bird boxes, and, working with the Grange and the P. T. A., took part in the community Christmas celebration, which is the most important community activity here during the year.

"Each of these committees had a special duty to perform in connection with our annual school show. We made about forty dollars for a trip to Boston.

"Of course, we took the usual offerings at Christmas and Easter, and turned the money over to the Middleboro Junior Red Cross Committee."

MARTHA M. KUMPUNEN, *President,*  
South Middleboro Junior Red Cross.

### THE RED CROSS KEEPS RIGHT ON

WHEN there is fighting or disaster the name of the Red Cross is on every tongue. But all Juniors know that it isn't only then that this great organization is at work. Working smoothly and regularly, like a great dynamo, year in and year out, day in and day out, all the time, somewhere in the United States and in the world it is helping others. On page 34 of this issue is an assembly program for Red Cross Day, November 2nd, that will be a reminder of this.



# Chinese Courtesy

## The Story of the Calendar Picture for October Told by the Artist

IT was a windy, winter day in Peking and the air was as thick with kites as a cornfield with crows. On all sides boys in padded coats and pointed felt shoes were shouting as they threw out their lines, and a bevy of birds, dragons, and men, shot skyward on taut strings. I pinned my paper in the shelter of a doorway, hoping I could get a sketch of some of them. But soon my fingers grew too numb to hold the charcoal, and I stopped to blow my aching thumbs.

Some women who were looking on beckoned me with friendly gestures into a narrow, paved court around which were low buildings. In one of them was a laundry where women were working, laughing, and chattering in a language of which I knew not a word. But I understood their kindness. They drew me into the warm laundry, fragrant with the smell of freshly ironed clothes. Passing hot flat-irons over towels, they wrapped my hands in them while they made tea from a kettle humming on the stove.

As I turned to go I noticed two merry little faces peering at me from a window on the court. They were framed by the quaintest caps I had ever seen and were so altogether delicious that I stopped short and clapped my hands for joy. A door opened and a large, kindly looking woman invited me with a sweep of the hand to enter. Inside I found a day nursery, and a knot of gaily dressed, square-rigged babies who were shyly crowding back against the wall as far as they could get from me. In my kit I carried a glass jar of candies, and unscrewing the top I made a bid for popularity. At first they approached timidly, then confidently, and soon every tiny, yellow palm held three sweet bits. The room was scantily furnished. There was a stove,

and in one corner a table on which stood a medley of pretty bowls. Broad shelves spread with mattresses formed the beds on which the children lay in rows when they took their naps. The floor was covered with straw mats lined with cotton wadding, both as a precaution against the cold and a protection for the plump babies tumbling about like ninepins. They were so thickly padded with innumerable coats that when they toppled over they could not get up alone, but had to be set on their feet by the matron.

The next day I went again, this time to make a picture. As I settled myself in one corner on the matting and spread out my cardboard and paints, the whole little troop advanced and planted themselves in a row before me, their hands clasped on their tummies, kowtowing low, with all eyes fixed on the jar of candies. Choosing a small boy with his hands in a muff and a mandarin button on his cap, and a wee girl in tiger cap and with a doll strapped to her back, I placed them facing each other, and as my drawing lay on the floor where they could watch my movements I managed to keep them there for a few moments at a time. Afterwards as a background I put in the door of the Chinese house in



*It was the time of the Feast of Lanterns*

which I was living. It was the time of the Feast of Lanterns, the festival in memory of the mandarin's daughter who fell in a lake one night, and was sought with lanterns and rescued by her father and his neighbors. Every entrance bore brilliant panels depicting the "Guardians of the Outer" or the "Inner Door," as the case might be. There are always two, one with amiable mien, who strives with gentle words to dissuade any evil influence from entering the house. The other threatens with gnashing teeth and uplifted sword.

# A Red Cross Assembly Program

Song—AMERICA -----Everybody  
Salute as the United States flag is brought in

Song—THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE, AND  
BLUE -----Everybody

Story—THE RED CROSS KNIGHT, several episodes  
retold from child's version of Spenser's  
Faery Queene, by Grace A. Pierce-----Pupils  
The Red Cross flag is brought in

Reading—THE RED CROSS FLAG, by Lucia Trent-----A pupil  
Where death has come with hastening pace,  
And grief has marked the mourner's face,  
Where hunger, want, and dread despair  
Haunt ruined lands that once were fair,  
Where alien lands lie desolate  
Prey to vicissitudes of fate,  
There, broad against the lowering skies,  
In beauty, one true emblem flies,  
Symbol of courage and of kindly deed,  
Of unity of race and creed.  
Reprinted from the *Courier*, October 27, 1923.

Three short talks—HENRI DUNANT -----Pupils  
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE  
CLARA BARTON

Reading—THE RED CROSS, by O. R. H. Thomson-----A pupil  
I saw the golden gates roll back  
As up the path they came;  
No angel questioned them of right  
Nor asked of one his name,  
But the cedar trees before the mount  
Were aureoled in flame.  
They came from devastated fields  
From which all life had fled,  
And little phrases walked with them,  
Words they aforetime said,  
That suffering folk might easier pass  
To the valley of the dead.





And songs of children who had learned  
The Red Cross knows no fear,  
That it walketh through a man-made hell,  
Yet holdeth each man dear,  
Daring the cruel claws of death  
To wipe away a tear.  
Therefore they entered as of right:  
Agnostic, Christian, Jew,  
Through the golden gate that gave upon  
The lake where lilies grew,  
And in the distance by the mount  
Angels on trumpets blew.  
Reprinted from the *Survey*, October 13, 1917.

Story—RELIEF IN THE TORNADO AREA-----A pupil  
Story—THE JUNIOR RED CROSS IN OTHER LANDS-----A pupil  
Retold from *Your Money at Work*, on  
page 23 of this issue of the *News*  
Reading—HOW SHINES THE RED CROSS LIGHT-----A pupil  
On page 12 of this issue  
Talk—THE RED CROSS IN OUR COMMUNITY-----A pupil  
Reading—THE MEANING OF THE RED CROSS FLAG-----A pupil  
By Mary Martin Harrison

Let it stand for work with knowledge,  
For labor for the common good,  
For unselfish, faithful effort  
That shall serve the multitude.  
Stain it not with blood, O Nations!  
Drench it not with bitter tears.  
This the flag that joins all others,  
That has bridged the hemispheres.  
Guard it, serve it, bear it, love it;  
Dare to follow in its light—  
Living rainbow of the day,  
Star of hope in darkest night.  
Underneath its rays, let peoples  
Meet as brothers, friendly, free.  
All mankind, hold ye it sacred—  
Red Cross of Humanity.  
Reprinted from University of Texas *Bulletin*, 1918.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS PLEDGE-----Everybody  
Song—AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL-----Everybody

## Pee Tee Joins the Juniors

<p>1</p>  <p>GROCERY MAN!</p>	<p>2</p>  <p>SISTER GETS THE AIR—</p>
<p>3</p>  <p>DISH-PAN PEE-TEE</p>	<p>4</p>  <p>A JUNIOR!</p>

(Continued from page 23)

larger than it is except that the big steamship companies have agreed to take the packages at less than the usual rates because they like so much this idea of the exchange of gifts between the children of different nations.

Tonight the streets of Tirana, the capital of rugged Albania, will be lighted by electricity, something unheard of there ten years ago. These lamps shine over the once dark places because six years ago American Juniors lighted a candle of service in that town, the rays of which are reaching farther and farther over the whole country. For the current is furnished from the shop of the Albanian Vocational School, which was made possible by the National Children's Fund. Here is an example of what the school is doing:



*Tonight the once dark streets of Tirana, the capital of rugged Albania, are lighted by electricity. The current comes from the Albanian Vocational School, which was made possible by the National Children's Fund*

For seven years the only grist mill in the little village of Cherma by the Skumbi River had remained idle. The engine had broken down and no one could repair it. Besides, even if anyone had known how, there was neither hardware store nor blacksmith anywhere in reach to furnish the needed parts. So the chickens were roosting in the mill and the people were carrying their heavy bags of corn fifteen miles to be ground. Then one day the rich bey, or count, who owned the mill, heard of the school for boys down at Tirana and he said to himself, "If the engine can be repaired, the boys down there can do it." So down to the Tirana school shop, the only one of its kind in Albania, went the badly battered machinery. The five boys who were put on the job could give it only two hours a day, because the time in that school is divided between shop work, farm work, lessons, and athletics. But at the end of two months the engine was all repaired and the necessary new parts had been made. Then the boys and their teacher went up to Cherma and installed it. The whole village looked on and was delighted, and the rich bey was so pleased that he invited two of the boys to stay a week at his big house and teach him to operate his own mill. So they had a good time and earned some money for their school, besides.

The Albanian government, tuitions from students, and the income from the farm and shops help with the expense of the school, and after a while it will need no more money from American Juniors. But it must still have a substantial sum from the National Children's Fund this year.

At Grimmenstein the Austrian Red Cross has a beautiful sanitarium for children; money from your Fund helps many of the sick children of Austria to go there and get well. With the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross

you were hosts last summer in a big, wooden house full of the sweet smell of the glorious forest of spruces close by. Your guests were boys and girls from crowded city houses, and even from damp, dark cellar rooms. To some of them it seemed too good to be true that each was to have a clean cot with sheets. And while they were there, getting stronger and plumper and pinker each day, they were learning things about caring for their health, their homes, and their baby brothers and sisters that will make a difference to them for all their lives.

You are helping to keep up Little Mothers' Classes and summer colonies in Jugoslavia, too, while in Bulgaria you are contributing money for tents and other equipment of vacation camps for poor children. Many Latvian children are still suffering from the effects of the war storm that swept over part of the land. You have furnished a number of them with hot school lunches and given them better clothing and more comforts in their homes than they could otherwise afford to buy. In Vienna you have contributed to hygiene classes for teachers who go out to the schools to explain the rules of health. In the poorest district of Bucharest several hundred Rumanian school children have been regularly taught by a doctor and a nurse how to build up and care for their bodies. You have paid some of the expenses of this instruction. This year you will again have the same privileges of entertaining and making healthier and happier children in Austria, Jugoslavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bulgaria, and Rumania.

For more than a year thousands of immigrants have been streaming across the border from Greece into Bulgaria. They used to live in the parts of Thrace and Macedonia that have become Greek territory, and as they differ in race and religion from the Greeks, they are moving away. Through the little frontier railroad

station of Svilen-grad passes the long procession of men and women and children with their few pots and pans, their blankets and straw sleeping mats, and their poor bundles of clothing. Bulgaria finds it hard to take care of so many homeless immigrants, few of whom have any money at all. Some

of them have been aided in building houses, others are being sheltered in schoolhouses and abandoned buildings. In one place the floor of an old warehouse has been marked off by strings and bits of cloth into fifteen sections, each of which is the "home" of a refugee family. Part of your Fund will buy materials from which Bulgarian Juniors will make garments for destitute refugee children. In the temporary schools for the immigrants Junior groups are being organized. Your gift will pay some of the cost of material from which these Juniors will make their own clothes.

In the large, light rooms of a whole floor of the office of the Esthonian Red Cross in Tallinn, girls and boys work away at carpentry and bookbinding and sewing and cooking. Your money bought some of the equipment for them and this year, perhaps for the last time, you will once again have this share in the work of your fellow Juniors in Esthonia. The National Children's Fund is also buying materials for handwork for Juniors in Hungary. The beautiful embroideries and articles made are sold for the Hungarian Juniors' Service Fund, sent to other countries in school correspondence or used in exhibitions. Workrooms have been established in Yugoslavia and equipped with money from the Fund. One of them is at Beranje, a village away up in the Dinaric Alps, which can be reached only on foot or by mule-back.

And even now the list is not ended. In Poland and in Latvia your Fund is to furnish small libraries and First Aid equipment for schools too poor just now to buy them. It will help the Austrian Junior Red Cross to publish interesting books for children at reasonable prices. Last year nineteen magazines were issued by Juniors all over the world; this year there are twenty-four Junior magazines in eighteen different languages. Some of these the National Children's



*In the old days every boy was taught by his father how to make the native sandals. Now these lads have no fathers. They are learning how to make shoes and it is their brother Juniors who have made it possible*

done by the pupils of Professor Cizek's class in Vienna. One whole room of Austria's building in the great International Exposition of Decorative Arts held in Paris last summer was given up to exhibits from this class. When as a result of the war the Cizek class was about to break up for lack of money, a sum from the National Children's Fund kept it going. You will contribute to the school again this year.

Many a traveler crossing the New Mexico desert, miles from any railway, is delighted to see a sign on a road where never a sign was before. It was put there by Indian Juniors, who have set up other signs along desert roads. Some tell where there is water, some point out historic landmarks, and many have painted on them attractive Indian designs. One hundred and sixty-eight Indian schools are enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. In one you are paying an expert Indian woman to teach the Navajos to make fine rugs according to their own patterns, which were dying out. In another you are paying a native teacher of pottery. The rugs and the pottery are sold for good prices, so that your money is helping the Indians to help themselves.

Suppose a frightful wind came roaring over the plains and tore down all the houses in your town, burying your books and toys in the ruins of your home. Suppose whenever you saw a cloud you were terrified of another storm. Wouldn't it mean a good deal to have some place to meet other children and have a good time? Your Fund has helped put up community houses in the tornado areas of Illinois and Indiana.

And so in the deserts of the Southwest, in the mountains of Montenegro, by the shores of the Baltic, among the cornlands of the Middle West, on the frontiers of Greece, and in many other places you are helping and building. Big things to have a share in!



*A little Zuni Indian and his kid. The Zunis are raising goats and drinking their milk*

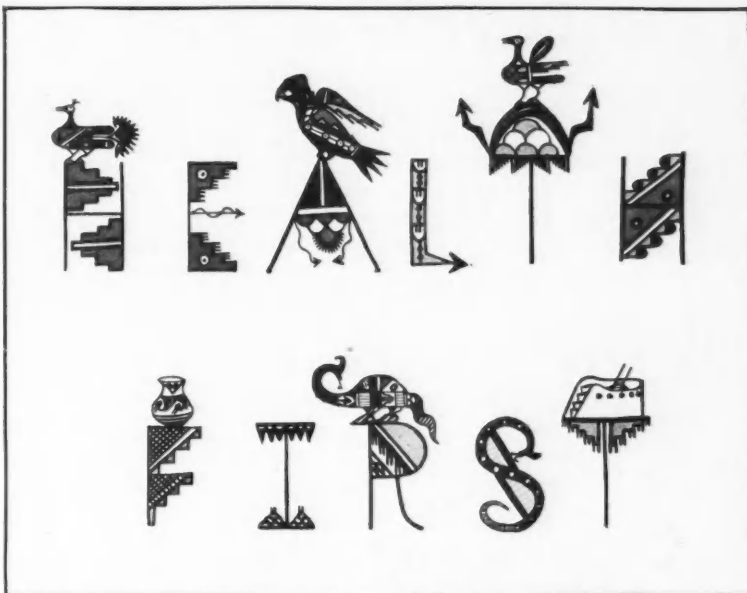


## Josefa's Poster

THIS year the first prize in the health poster contest among the Indian schools went to Josefa Roybal. Hers was the best of one hundred and twenty-five sent in. Josefa lives in the San Ildefonso pueblo in New Mexico and was only thirteen years old when she brought in her design. Miss Hilda George, the public health nurse in that area, had a great deal to do with arousing interest in the contest and was good enough to send us the snapshot of Josefa. Miss George writes:

"Josefa is a faithful little scholar, though she has to spend a good deal of time learning what comes much easier to other children. But she dearly loves to draw and paint. Her artistic ability comes to her quite naturally. Her mother made exceedingly beautiful decorations on pottery before she became too ill to work. Her aunt, Tonita, wins prizes nearly every year for the pottery she sends to the Indian Fair in Santa Fe. Her brother, Awa-Tsireh, whose name means "Bird on the Reed," is considered the best living artist among the Pueblo Indians and his paintings are sought after by the best judges of art. Josefa made her poster absolutely by herself, except that she appealed to her brother for criticism as to the correctness of detail in one or two of the Indian designs in it. When she was asked to pose for a picture to be sent to the News she was very shy, and only her sister's entreaties made her overcome her modesty."

The designs in the letters forming "Health First" are like those used on the San Ildefonso pottery. Miss Marguerite Moseley-Williams, Junior representative among the Indians, gave us an explanation of their meaning. The birds on Indian pottery are trademarks of the different clans and pueblos, and show in what tribe the pieces were made. In the lower part of the first letter H is the design meaning fields. In the next letter are the symbols for fields, lightning, and falling rain. The circle means the home, and also stands for peace and plenty. In the next letter are the symbols for clouds, the sun and lightning; the triangle stands for mountains. The cloud design appears again in the L and in the T, which has, besides, a clan bird, lightning



*Josefa made this health poster without any help except for some criticisms from her brother, who is a famous Indian artist*

and a rainbow. Dr. Hough, of the National Museum, thinks this design would make a fine standard for the Pueblo Indians and considers it as handsome as the old Roman standard with the eagles and the S. P. Q. R. on it. In the last H one sees again the symbol for fields, clouds and the home. On top of the F is a piece of pottery with a typical San Ildefonso design. The checkered pattern represents cultivated fields. Cloud and rain symbols are repeated in the I, in which the white parts stand for snow. The band through the middle of the serpent on top of the R has a design like that used on the kilts worn by the performers in the sacred dances. The arrow and the line coming out through the mouth indicate speech from the heart. Accord-

ing to the ancient religion of Pueblo Indians, snakes had great influence with the gods in bringing rain for the crops, so they are still held sacred. The famous Snake Dance of the Hopis is really a prayer for rain. In the last letter are the signs for terraced fields, falling rain and the kiva, or sacred chamber, for religious ceremonies. Every pueblo has its kiva, which is often far down underground and is reached by going down a ladder.

### ON ITS WAY

"And what is an egg?" asked the missionary who was testing a pupil's knowledge of English.

"An egg," said the boy, "is a chicken not yet."—*The American Boy*.



*Josefa was shy and did not want to have her picture taken*

# The Story of the Brownies\*

Illustrations by Catherine Lewis

OOT-TOOT-TO-HOO! A dear old brown owl sat on a branch in the soft moonlight crooning that cry quietly to herself.

She was a warm, soft old thing, with great big, deep eyes that could see even through the dark, and, though many people were rather afraid of her, she was really quite harm-

less, full of kindness and also full of fun.

She could see a joke, and her "oot-toot-to-hoo" often rippled away in gurgling laughter.

In a little house near by there lived a poor man and his wife and

their two children, Tommy and Betty; and, though Mother loved both the children, she was always having to find fault with them because they were lazy and forgetful and untidy.

They used to rush about the place yelling and playing their games, upsetting the furniture, breaking the crockery, spoiling their clothes, and generally making themselves a trouble.

So long as they had a good time they never thought what a bother they were to other people.

Then Mother told them one day how different it had been in the house in years gone by when the brownies had been there.

"What was a brownie?" they asked.

"The brownie," answered Mother, "was a little, wee fairy, either a boy or a girl, who came to the house before any one was up, and swept the hearth and lit the fire, drew the water and got the breakfast ready. He tidied up the rooms, he weeded the garden, he cleaned the boots, and put the children's clothes away. He did every kind of useful work, but nobody ever saw him. He always slipped away before the people of the house got up, but he was the greatest blessing to every one. All were happy and the house was bright and clean.

So Tommy and Betty wanted to know how they could get a brownie to come and help in their house so as to save them from having to do so many odd jobs that their father and mother were always wanting.

They asked Mother to tell them how they could find a brownie, and she told them that the best way was to go and find the wise old owl and ask her, as she knew all about the fairies, and could tell them where to look for a brownie.

So, after dark, the two children went out into the wood to seek the brown owl. Tommy led the way very bravely at first, but as the path got darker and darker in the silent woods he began to hang back and to feel sorry that he had started on the adventure.

But Betty was eager to find out about the brownie, and, though she felt nervous, she would not allow herself to turn back, and she pushed on, leading her brother after her.

Presently they heard the uncanny hooting of the owl among the trees. It sounded so weird that for a moment they stood still and felt inclined to turn and run back home.

But again Betty thought of their chance of learning about the brownies, so she stood her ground, and, hearing again the voice of the owl, which sounded more friendly as they got accustomed to it, she went forward again and presently came to the tree in whose branches the owl was sitting.

"Mrs. Owl, Mrs. Owl, we have come to see you," she whispered.

"Oo-hoo-hoo, I am glad to hear it. Climb up the tree, my dears, and come and sit by me on this branch."

They did so, and snuggled up close against the soft, warm feathers of the bird, and then they told her their trouble, how they were always being bothered to work when they wanted to play, and how they had heard of the brownies and wanted to get one to come and live in the house and do the odd jobs for them.

"Oo-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" chuckled the owl. "You see that pool down there. Go to the north side of it when the moon is bright and then turn round three times and say:

"Twist me and turn me and show me the elf;  
I looked in the water and there saw . . ."

"To get the finishing word of the rhyme, look down into the water and there you will see the brownie, and her name will fill in the rhyme which you want."

So when the moon was up, Betty went to the pool and turned herself round three times and



"The brownie," said mother, "was a little, wee fairy, either a boy or a girl. . . ."

\* Reprinted from the Jugo-Slav Junior Red Cross Magazine, April, 1923.

"Twist me and turn me and show me the elf;  
I looked in the water and there saw . . .

But when she looked in the pool she saw nothing at all except her own reflection. So she went back to the owl and told her how she had seen no one there except her own reflection in the water, when she had been hoping to find a brownie who would come to the house and do all the work.

Then the owl said: "Did you see no one whose name would make up the rhyme that I gave you?"

Betty said: "No one."

Mrs. Owl asked: "Whom did you see in the water?"

Betty replied: "No one but myself."

Then Mrs. Owl said: "Would not the word 'myself' make the rhyme?"

And Betty thought of the rhyme:

"Twist me and turn me and show me the elf;  
I looked in the water and there saw myself."

"But I'm not a brownie."

Mrs. Owl replied: "No, but you can be one if you try. You are a strong and active little girl. You could sweep the floor; you are clever enough to lay a fire and light it; you could fill the kettle and put it on to boil; you could tidy up the room and lay the breakfast things; you could make your bed and clean your boots and fold up your clothes. You could do all these things before anyone else was up, so that when father and mother came down they would think that the fairies had been at work in the house."

So brownies are the small people who live in the house and who do good there.

There are often small people in a house who are only troublesome, and these are called boggarts. They are little demons. When people want to be quiet, for writing or reading, or when they are feeling ill or tired, boggarts begin to yell and scream and rush about the place.

When the house is clean and tidy they come and upset everything, making messes with their dirty boots, breaking furniture and crockery, and leaving everything untidy for other people to clear up. They are lazy themselves, and don't do a thing to help their parents. Boggarts are horrid creatures. Very different from brownies.



*So when the moon was up Betty went to the pool and turned herself around three times*

But the brownies are not really fairies. They are just ordinary boys and girls living in the house who make themselves into brownies by getting up in good time to do good turns instead of being idle and mischievous like boggarts.

Brownies and guides do their work quietly, without wanting to be thanked or rewarded for it. They do it because it is their duty to their father and mother.

It may sometimes be a trouble to them if they are feeling tired or want to be playing out of doors, but they have to remember that it is their duty, and duty comes before everything else.

So, in our story, Tommy and Betty, after being told about it by old Mrs. Owl, slipped out of their beds early

next morning before any one was up.

They cleaned up the place and lit the fire, got the breakfast all ready, and crept quietly back to their rooms; so that when father and mother came down, expecting to have to do all the work themselves, they were astonished to find everything already done for them, and they thought that the fairies must have been there.

Day after day this went on, and the children got more fun and happiness out of doing their duty like brownies than they had ever got out of playing rowdy games or being idle boggarts.

It was only a long time afterwards that their parents discovered that their own children were the brownies who had helped them.

#### A HALLOWE'EN IDEA

Last Hallowe'en the Juniors of the lower grades of the Rozelle School in Memphis, Tennessee, made orange paper chains, black cats and pumpkin lanterns

to give a surprise party to the children in the King's Daughters' Home. The day before Hallowe'en a committee laden with the results of their art work and with grinning pumpkins, a big basket of fruit and a large bowl of flowers slipped in the back way of the Home and stole up to the school-room, which they soon made pretty enough for any party. Then, after writing on the blackboards messages to their little crippled friends, they tiptoed out again.

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# Earning a Share

LAST December Miss Upjohn wrote from Budapest about the Bazaar there which was full of beautiful exhibits all made by Juniors. Materials were extremely expensive, but those boys and girls had done wonders with what they had. Half the proceeds went to buy new materials, while the rest was spent for the tuition of a fellow Junior, for clothes for children in a Children's Home and for a summer camp for poor city children on lovely Lake Balaton. You had a share in that exhibition and in the projects the sales financed, for some of your money bought material for the Hungarian Juniors.

"We received your presents just on the 20th of December," writes the Junior Red Cross group of the Pure Primary School of Pure, Latvia. "How many various things were there! One boy received among other toys a red rubber devil. The boy made him dance in different ways and all the others had to laugh aloud. A girl opened her box and took out a warm knitted winter hat, which she was very glad to receive, for she was in need of a hat. Much wonder was aroused by the motor-car of one boy. It could even move on the table. Many of us had never seen a motor-car."

Once you have had the privilege of sharing in things like this you can't possibly want to give it up. And it is so easy to get a share. There are very nearly 6,000,000 Juniors in the United States. Just figure how much a contribution of only five cents from each one of them would make! Of course, you can see how much more your contribution means if it is earned by some special effort or sacrifice of your own. Here are some of the ways in which "top-notch" Juniors have earned the money to

buy a share in the big things the Junior Red Cross is doing at home and abroad:

"I swept the porch for mother. She gave me a nickel and told me I could go to the store and buy something. I thought of the Junior Red Cross which I could help. The next day I took it to school and put it in the sacrifice jar. I hope some people are having a nice time with my nickel."

"There was a good picture on at a theater. It was a picture that I like, so I wanted to go badly. Before I started I thought of the Junior Red Cross. I knew it needed me more than the theater did, so I joined."

"I worked as a barber and all the tips I made I kept for the Red Cross."

"I got my Junior Red Cross money by cleaning a cellar for a neighbor."

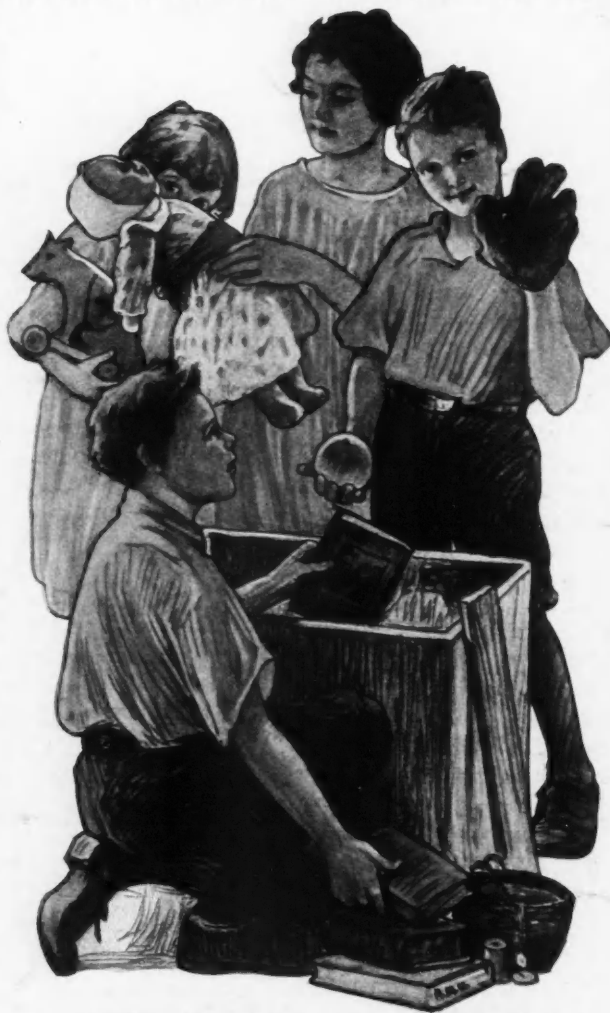
"I saved some of my spending money, went errands, and many times I wrote letters for people who could not write English."

"I worked in a laundry Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. I made seventy-five cents. I gave my mother the fifty cents and took the rest to the Junior Red Cross in our school."

A novel idea comes from a group of Juniors in a foreign section of an eastern industrial city. The children themselves thought out

this way of earning some money: They collected and brought to school grease and fats which they made into soap under a teacher's direction. The soap was sold and the money went to the Service Fund. Maybe some of that money found its way back to the stricken country from which the parents of those very Juniors had come to America.

There does seem to be no end to the distance that the little candles lighted by Juniors can throw their beams.



*The children in the tornado area are expecting disaster. Their nerves are on edge. That is why the tools and materials to work with and the books have been such a boon to them*



